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Cliff-Dwellers of Arizona.

A letter from Winslow, Arizona, relates remarkable discoveries of evidence of cliff-dwellers in a canon at a little station named Coconino, as follows:

An hour's walk from the station and we stand upon the brink of a chasm so deep that the eye can hardly see its bottom. Actual measurement makes it 2,000 feet deep. The width varies from 200 feet at the bottom to 1,500 feet at the top. The sides are so steep that a bank of conglomerate ice crystals covering the ground to the depth of five feet in places is a striking illustration of the forces of condensation. As such condensation in summer is impossible by the intermixture of more surface currents, its occurrence clearly shows that hail is formed at great altitudes, where aeroblasts almost invariably find the cold far below the freezing point.

As yet no adequate theory of the formation of hailstones has been established, and it is difficult to understand how they can remain so long suspended in the air. But their connection with the ascending currents of tornadoes, which are known to be powerful enough to lift ponderous bodies, is a sufficient explanation of the latter phenomenon.

During a recent storm at Barton, England, ice fell from the clouds in such quantities that "on the following day it lay in some of the field ditches two feet deep." The ice fell from the clouds in the form of hail in the Iowa storm is reported to have "covered the fence tops," and the next day the railroad was blocked by the frozen masses. Such ice crystals, which sometimes weigh two or three ounces, falling from great elevations, would often strike with deadly effect did they not sink in falling with resistance from the ascending storm currents. Happily, however, as these heavy hailstones can only be produced through the agency of ascending air currents, the latter are always present to break the force of their fall.—*New York Herald.*

Hail.

Hail is a natural concomitant of the tornado when the absolute humidity of the air is large, because then the aqueous vapor in the air is carried by the ascending tornado currents into the high levels of the atmosphere and congealed in the snow cloud. The formation of hail in the upper air sufficient to make, when precipitated to the earth, a bank of conglomerate ice crystals covering the ground to the depth of five feet in places is a striking illustration of the forces of condensation. As such condensation in summer is impossible by the intermixture of more surface currents, its occurrence clearly shows that hail is formed at great altitudes, where aeroblasts almost invariably find the cold far below the freezing point.

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A Hammock Song.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
Ever lightly to and fro!
On the bough the robins sing,
Violets dot the grass below.
Ahl! how sweet the spring-time weather,
Youth and love are young together.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
All the fields are drifting snow,
Daisy faces nod and sway
To the south wind, bending low.
Passing sweet the summer weather,
Youth and love are young together.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
Maples, gold and crimson gleam,
Cardinal flowers make gay the waste,
Asters nod beside the stream.
Like a dream the autumn weather;
Youth and love are young together.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
From the limb so cold and bare,
Thro' the boughs the north wind sings,
Snow-flakes fill the frosty air.
Snow-flakes fill the frosty air,
Dear and blest the winter weather,
Youth and love are young together.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE.

At the death of her brother Wilfred, Vivian de Forest felt broken-hearted. He had been her only near living relative. The news of his death had come to her with fearful suddenness. Called to a Western city for the purpose of superintending some business connected with the estate of his late father, Wilfred (who sometimes, though rarely, had periods of dissipation) was shot in a barroom quarrel.

Poor Vivian had suffered terribly. The funeral was over now, and the dull quietude of her present life had a monotony which almost made her long for the more exciting painfulness of the previous week.

A distant cousin of hers, an elderly lady, had come to live with her in the large family mansion, which was now Vivian's exclusive property. But old Winifred Carr was rather a doleful company.

To-day it had rained dimly from dawn until late in the afternoon. Vivian could not fix her thoughts very long upon the books she was reading. In spite of herself they would somehow wander back to recollections of her dear lost brother, of their childish life together, and of the untimely death which had parted them now.

Several times during the day Vivian went to the window and looked out upon the rainy street.

In the house directly opposite was one special window, where, ever since morning, she had seen a girl of her own age.

The girl was very pale, and wore an expression of undoubted worry. Sometimes Vivian thought that she gazed toward her own window, with a wistful, appealing look.

She had known, in years past, the previous occupants of this house, but it had recently passed into other hands, and she had never heard the name of the people who had taken it. Now and then the pale girl whose sad looks had to-day attracted her notice, had been before seen by Vivian, while ascending or descending the stoop. But she had never seemed as troubled as at present.

"I wonder what her trouble is," thought Vivian. "Ah, I am sure it is not as bitter as mine!"

She started while this thought was crossing her brain, for the girl opposite had made with one hand a quick, beckoning gesture, that there seemed no mistaking. And after having made such gesture she had hastily left the window.

In about ten minutes she returned again, however. Vivian was waiting for her. If ever girl had a kindly heart in her breast, that girl was Vivian de Forest. She now made signs which plainly indicated:

"Do you wish me to come over?"

An eager nodding of the head gave emphatic affirmative to this silent question.

"She is in trouble," thought Vivian. "I may do some good; I will go!"

The rain had stopped. It was now almost nightfall. Vivian threw a dark shawl about her shoulders to defend her against the raw December wind, and ran across the street. She had not to ring the bell. The door was opened as she reached the top step of the stoop. The pale girl opened it herself.

"It was so good of you to come," she said, while her dark, sad eyes swept Vivian's face as they stood in the hall together.

"I hope I can be of some service to you," Vivian answered. "You seem to be in trouble. I know myself what trouble is. Pray tell me how I can help you."

They were presently seated together, and the girl had taken one of Vivian's hands between both her own.

"I have a brother, here in this house," she said, "who is pursued by the police. He wishes to escape. Once in a foreign land, he can elude the law's vigilance. I am quite alone, being an orphan, and only having Hugh

to love and care for out of all the world. I wanted to fly with him, but that, he says, is impossible. He will not hear of it, though he promises to write for me to join him after he is safely beyond pursuit."

"And what crime has he committed?" asked Vivian.

"Oh, it was no crime," answered the girl. "He has been falsely accused of murder."

"Falsely accused," murmured Vivian; "how terrible! Have they convicted him?"

"No; he has not been tried yet. He was in St. Louis only a short time ago, when a friend of his, from whom he had but recently parted, was found killed in his hotel. Hugh was arrested on the charge of having murdered him, but escaped."

"And why should he not have faced his accusers?" questioned Vivian. "Was he afraid to do so?"

"No," said a voice in the doorway. Vivian looked in the direction whence he voice had come.

A very handsome young man, though worn and haggard-looking, had just entered. It was Hugh.

"I see, Ella," he said, "that you are trying to enlist the sympathies of this lady in my behalf. But have you thought of what a reckless thing you are doing?"

"You need not feel any fear of me, sir," said Vivian, quietly. "I should have no motive in betraying you, even though I thought you guilty."

"Hugh is as innocent as I am!" exclaimed his sister, in a plaintive, tearful voice.

The young man was now close at Vivian's side. The dimness of the room had not previously let her see how handsome he was. He fixed his dark, brilliant eyes intently on Vivian's face, and said:

"If I had passed through a trial I might have been sure that circumstantial evidence would have convicted me. Can you understand this?"

"Yes," said Vivian, "but surely, if you are innocent, it would have been better to suffer conviction than go through the rest of your life a fugitive from justice."

"I do not think so!" cried Ella at this point. "I would have him live at any cost!"

More than a hour elapsed before Vivian went home again. And she visited that house many times more during the next few weeks. Both she and Ella believed that her exits and entrances were watched, and that Hugh's presence there was suspected by certain spies posted in the neighborhood, but they were not by any means sure.

By this time Vivian had silently admitted to her own heart that she loved Hugh Robertson. It had been "love at first sight" with her. His beauty and his melancholy fate had both produced disastrous results with her young, romantic soul.

She had determined to help him to escape. She was a girl of strong will and inflexible determination. One day she said to him:

"I have been working out a plan. The house directly in the rear of yours is mine. I purchased it yesterday. To-morrow night it will be quite vacant. You can cross by the back fences, and get into the next street through that house. There will be a carriage waiting for you a few doors below. It will drive you wherever you wish to be driven."

Hugh's face lighted with a softly grateful smile. Ella threw both arms about Vivian's neck and rapturously kissed her.

On the following night they all three met for a few last words of farewell. Just before Hugh's venture was tried.

In the back garden a ladder was ready, by which Hugh would climb into the garden of the other house. Hugh, Vivian and Ella all stood in a room which communicated with the rear piazza. Hugh first said farewell to Ella, who clung for a few minutes sobbing about his neck. Then he turned to Vivian. He was frightfully pale.

"What I have to say," he began, "Ella ought not, perhaps, to hear. It may kill her. It will probably give you, Vivian de Forest, an intense anguish. I have deceived my sister up to this moment. I am not innocent. I shot the man of whose murder I am accused—shot him openly enough, in a barroom in St. Louis. He insulted me! I was very much enraged! We had both been drinking. There is no doubt that I was terribly to blame!"

"Hugh!" now broke from Ella's lips, "this cannot be! You are deceiving us!"

"World I were!" he murmured; "and would, too, that this were all I had to tell. But it is not all. Vivian de Forest, from the first moment that I looked on you I loved you. But it was days before I knew who you were. Wilfred Caldwell was your half-brother!

er! You bear a different name from his."

"What do you mean?" faltered Vivian, with paling cheeks.

"Ah, why did you not remember when you first met me," Hugh Robertson now cried, "that I bore the same name (common a name as it may have been) as the man who shot your brother? But you did not think of this! You pitied me! Then you cared for me—even loved me, Vivian, since at this hour I need not deny that I guessed your love! Yet all the while I was—oh, Heaven! how hard it is to speak the words!—I was your brother Wilfred's murderer!"

A faint shivering moan broke from Vivian's lips. The next instant she and Ella were clinging together, as if for mutual support. It was a common impulse with the two unhappy creatures. Each had been cruelly deceived. Each now woke with horror to a realization of the truth.

"Farewell!" they now heard Hugh call to them, while they stood with heads bowed on each other's shoulder. "God guard both of you if we should never meet again!"

They heard him open the window and go out into the garden. Then came quite a long silence. And then a gruff voice, whose tones seemed to curdle their blood, called out amid the still night: "Stop, or I will fire."

There was no answer. Perhaps three seconds of silence followed, and then a keen pistol-shot rang out on the tranquil night air. After that there was a long, heavy groan.

"He has been shot," cried Vivian, looking with dilated eyes into her companion's ghastly face.

It was true. Vivian's plans, shrewdly as she had conducted them, had been watched. A neighboring house had been taken by the detectives as a post of observation. Perhaps, after all, Hugh Robertson's appearance, climbing the fence there in the bright winter moonlight, had been somewhat of surprise, else the shot would not have been fired. But it was a shot that proved fatal.

A few years later Ella Robertson married, but Vivian de Forest has never changed her name, and never will. There are some wounds that, although they do not kill, never heal. And Vivian's is one of them.

Village Government in Russia.

Every commune, every mir is governed just the way it wants to be. The Russian mir is the perfect realization of the perfect commune dreamed of by certain Occidental socialists. The property of the commune is indivisible, and as each has always more land than it is possible to cultivate, a regular conference is held every year and a decision made as to what part of the soil shall be planted and what products shall be cultivated. Every soul in the village is employed in the work and after harvest the profits are equally divided. The "mir" has the privilege of banishing lazy or worthless characters. If a crime be committed all the inhabitants are held responsible until the guilty party is found. In the same way every member of the community is held responsible for the payment of taxes. But in practice things do not run so smoothly by any means as the theory of the system might lead one to suppose. There are plenty of lazy folk, turbulent and dangerous characters, ambitious men, and over all these tower the employees of the central government, who rule tyrannically and make the peasantry pay them heavily for overlooking certain things or pretending to ignore deficiencies.—*Paris Figaro.*

Rich Indians.

The Navajos are a great nation, numbering some 27,000 souls. Of this number some 10,000 are warriors. They are well armed, but, fortunately for the whites, have immense flocks of sheep and many cattle and ponies, which tend to keep them at peace.

Man-ueli is reported to be worth not less than \$300,000, most of it being in sheep. He has been an Indian of great power and character, but of late has become a great drunkard. The Navajo Indian agency is forty-five miles north from Fort Wingate, New Mexico. They manufacture curious and unique ornaments from silver coin, and their blankets and rugs have already become famous for curious mixtures of colors and remarkable textures. They are eagerly sought for by the whites, and have a high value, ranging from \$5 to \$100 each, which is really not extravagant when one considers that they often occupy weeks and months in weaving them. There is neither cotton nor shoddy in the blankets, but pure, unadulterated wool, colored with unfading dyes. We saw a few of the tribe, great, strong, repulsive-looking creatures.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

LATEST NEWS.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—Both France and China are reported to be equally desirous of securing a peaceful solution of the Tonquin question. It is also said France has consented to negotiate with China for a treaty. The cattle plague continues with fury its ravages in Russia.

Henri Rochefort has attacked King Humbert of Italy in an article in a Paris newspaper, and then has refused to grant a hostile meeting to an Italian officer who demanded a retraction.

The Hungarian escutcheon, with bilingual inscription, was replaced in Agram, Austria, yesterday, with great ceremony. Enlistment in the ranks of the rebels there is progressing rapidly. The situation is serious.

Eighteen new cases of yellow fever have been reported at the Pensacola navy-yard.

The President has returned to Washington from his trip to Yellowstone Park, much re-energized.

It is reported that Senator Voorhees has been retained as the leading counsel for young Nutt, at Uniontown, Pa., charged with killing N. L. Dukes, his father's slayer.

Everything, including the mails, on board the steamer Canina, wrecked September 6 on Gull Island, St. Mary's Bay, N. S., was lost. The passengers were dragged ashore by ropes.

Commodore English has telegraphed to Lieut.-Commander Welch, at Pensacola, Fla., that it would be impossible for the marines encamped near Pensacola to be moved north at present, but instructing him to move the camp to a point further from the infected district.

Carrie Waldmayer and Amelia Weaver, of Philadelphia, aged 19 and 21 years, were drowned in the Raritan river at New Brunswick, N. J. They were strolling along the beach, when Miss Waldmayer slipped into the water. Miss Weaver endeavored to rescue her, and both were drowned.

At the naval court-martial on the Santee, at Annapolis, ex-Judge Magruder argued in defence of Cadet Campbell. Cadet Ramsey, of the third class, has been sentenced to seven days' solitary confinement for hazing.

Fire broke out in a lot of cotton in the hold of the steamer William Crane while at sea, on her way from Savannah to Baltimore, and it was only with great difficulty that the vessel was saved from destruction.

GENERAL NEWS.

LONDON, Sep. 6.—The London Times despatch from Hong Kong, which announces that the French admiral will blockade the ports of Canton and Peking unless the Chinese are withdrawn from the Tonquin frontier. The Times believes that France is drifting into a war with China.

The situation in Croatia is very grave. A general rising is expected.

Eight hundred workmen engaged in a riotous demonstration near Vienna yesterday, and were dispersed by the military.

The new two-cent postage stamps will be of a metallic red color.

The experiment of sending a boat remodeled after the old Maid of Mist through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara has been carried out successfully.

Policeman J. C. Parks, of Danville, Va., has been shot and dangerously wounded by John A. Ferguson. Parks had a warrant for the arrest of Ferguson on a charge of beating and threatening the life of his wife.

The house of John Everts, at Riverton, Ill., has been burned. Mrs. Phoebe Hoyland, mother of Mrs. Everts, 68 years old, and two children of Mrs. Everts, a boy aged 4 and a babe, were burned to death.

Mr. Wallace, the United States minister to Turkey, has accepted the principle of the license tax, and consented to the enforcement of the law in regard thereto on conditions favorable to the Porte.

The Paris Clairon announces that the will of the Count de Chambord gives 500,000 francs to the Societas de Propaganda Fide, 100,000 francs for the benefit of the poor of Paris, and 150,000 francs to the convent at Goritz. The Count bequeathed a large portion of his fortune to the Duke de Parma, and a smaller portion to the Count de Bardi. He devised the income of the estate to his widow.

Frosts during the past ten days, it is stated, have killed buckwheat crops in all that section of country near Erie, Pa., not protected by the lake winds. Corn in the valleys has also been killed, and farmers are cutting it up to save for feed.

Three prisoners escaped from the McDowell county (N. C.) jail Sunday night, injuring Mrs. Finley, the jailer's wife, slightly, by pushing her aside. They were captured. Shortly after pistol shots were heard, and the jailer, who was drunk, was found shooting at one of the prisoners, who was chained to a cage.

LONDON, September 5.—The French cabinet has decided to ask the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese ambassador, to explain why Chinese troops are moving to the Tonquin frontier. If the present negotiations between France and China fail, it is said China will accept England's good offices with a view to a peaceful solution of the issues. Troops are leaving France for Tonquin.

King Alfonso is en route for Paris.

Quarantine has been abolished on the S. canal.

A revival of the Fenian activity is expected in London.

Anti-Magyar riots have occurred at Bedin, Austria.

An earthquake prophet has threatened Ichia with another earthquake on October 15.

It is now reported that destruction by volcanic eruption in Sumatra was not absolute.

Five new cases of yellow fever and one death were reported at the Pensacola navy-yard Sept. 5.

Huntington is now spoken of as "the live city of West Virginia." More than three hundred houses are now in course of erection there.

Reports from Santa Barbara, Wilmington and Los Angeles, California, announce that sharp shocks of earthquake were felt there. The vibrations were from northeast to southwest.

The interior of St. Joseph's Passionist Monastery, on the Frederick road, opposite Loudon Park Cemetery, near Baltimore, has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$50,000; insurance, \$15,000.

Captain Bourgages, of the schooner Marie Henriette, found an iron box in midocean on his voyage to Montreal. On the lid being pried open gas escaped, causing the examiners to get out of the way, and no one will run the risk of examining the box any further.

H. Dudley Coleman & Bro., iron founders and machinists, of New Orleans, have suspended. Liabilities \$250,000; assets \$300,000. The suspension was caused by inability to realize on their investments. The firm have been active and public-spirited, and have the confidence and sympathy of a large circle of friends. It is said the firm will continue business.

In the excitement of the sham battle at the G. A. R. encampment at Princeton Junction, N. J., the veterans became reckless, and used their weapons so effectively that a large number received slight wounds. Thirteen had to apply to the surgeon, and three or four were confined to the hospital.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—It is reported that troops from China have crossed the line into Tonquin territory, and the London Standard says that if this news is confirmed it means that war is inevitable between France and China. The French cabinet has decided to send large reinforcements to Tonquin. It is expected in Paris that the Marquis Tseng will resume negotiations with the French minister of foreign affairs.

Marwood, the celebrated executioner of England, is dead.

The village of Battenwerth, Belgium, has been destroyed by fire.

The French royalists in Goritz held meetings on Monday to declare themselves in favor of the Count de Paris.

The Swiss government has refused to extradite Lennig, the American student, who killed a fellow-student in a duel.

It is reported from the Dutch East Indies that the town of Telokbelong was destroyed by the recent volcanic eruptions. The reports of the destruction of Tjierigine and the drowning of 10,000 people by a tidal wave are confirmed.

At the lunch given the Villard Northern Pacific excursion party at Minneapolis, Minn., Monday, speeches were made by President Arthur, Mr. Villard, Herr von Braun and others. Jay Cooke was toasted as the founder of the Northern Pacific.

A disease known as the splenic fever has attacked the cattle in Lancaster county, Pa., and is raging with great violence. A large number of cases have already proved fatal, and the disease is apparently on the increase, occasioning great alarm among stockowners.

The Manitoba Railway bridge over the Mississippi river caught fire. The two cent spans were completely destroyed. Loss about \$200,000. The Lyndale Hotel, at Minneapolis, where President Villard and his guests were banqueted, was partly destroyed by fire.

At Edwards, Miss., James King and George Gaddis, colored, were arrested, charged with having robbed the grave of Mrs. Hattie Howell. They confessed they stole the body to get the bones of one arm, which they used in carrying on their profession as conjurers. Both men were killed by a mob.

Three British men-of-war have been ordered to the Strait of Sunda to make a survey of the changes brought about by the recent volcanic disturbances.

Mr. Walker, the United States consul general at Paris; the United States consul at Lyons, and Congressman Ochiltree, of Texas, will attend the unveiling of the Lafayette monument.

Further details of the wreck off Ponape, in the last instant, of the British bark G. I. comes from Ball river, S. C., for Falmouth, Mo. that eleven of the crew were drowned, including Captain Newton and the pilot.

The new postage notes were issued September 3.

Judge Hoadly, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, has arrived in Philadelphia to undergo medical treatment and rest.

A man boarded a train at Ogden, Utah, and covering eight passengers and two train men with his revolver, robbed them of their watches and money and made his escape.

Styverius Knott, a well-to-do farmer living near Erie, Pa., crazed by religion, attempted a few days ago to crucify a son and burn a daughter, but both attempts were frustrated by the timely arrival of some woodcutters.

Resolutions were passed Sunday by the amalgamated Irish and Catholic Societies of Fall River, Mass., to "boycott" the Boston Herald because the latter refused to print an appeal for aid in behalf of the families of the men executed for complicity in the Phoenix Park murder.

German bondholders have authorized suit to be brought against the United States for the amount of bonds, over five million of dollars, endorsed by the State of Georgia, the money being used to build a railroad. The bondholders claim international law protects them. These bonds have been re-issued by the State of Georgia.

The Mobile quarantine against Pensacola, which was raised by the board of health, was renewed by the city authorities until the 15th inst. Several new cases of fever have appeared in adjoining villages on the naval reservation. One death has occurred in the Naval Hospital.

Butterworth & Co., of Cincinnati, manufacturers and dealers in boots and shoes, have made an assignment to Richard Wooley, Jr., and Powell Crossley. The nominal assets are \$100,000, but they will be much reduced by a forced settlement. The liabilities are estimated at \$300,000.

A special from Springfield, Ill., says while Company A, Ninth Regiment of Infantry, State militia, were returning from the encampment of the Second Brigade, they met with a dreadful accident on the St. Louis and Evansville Railroad, between Carmel and Grayville. The train, in passing through a small herd of cattle, ran over some of them, and the car which the members of the company occupied was overturned, killing nine and wounding fifteen persons.

A new steamship line has been established between Baltimore and Wilmington.

The tugboat Edwin Hawley, when off Communipaw, N. J., was run into by Jay Gould's yacht Atlanta, which cut the tug in two, causing her to sink in a few minutes. All hands were saved.

Mrs. General Robert Toombs died at Clarksville, Ga. She had been prominent in society in Washington and Richmond, Va., while her husband was United States senator and while he was in the Confederate cabinet.